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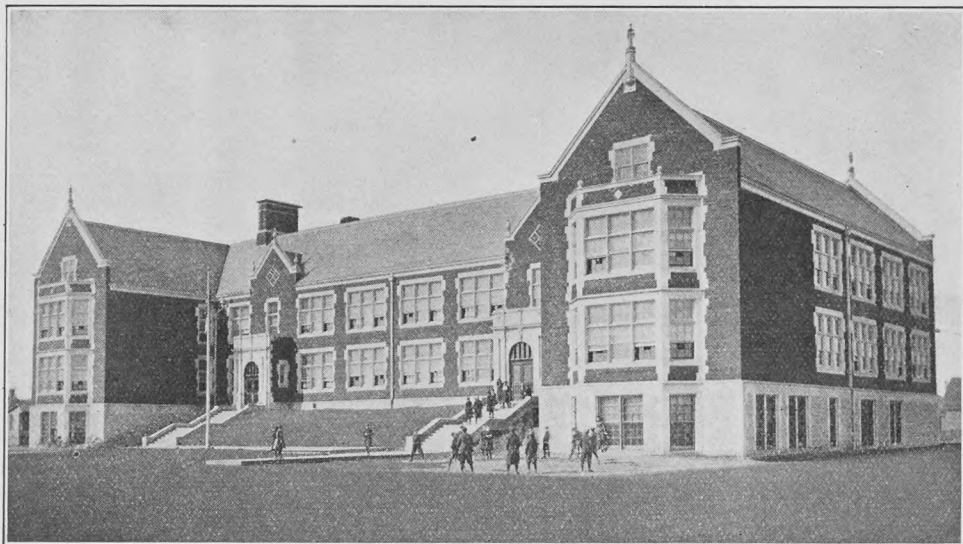
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THE NEWTONIAN

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ISAAC NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL



TEACHING STAFF

Top Row —S. Cormack, C. E. Abercrombie, N. Kernaghan (secretary), R. McCrum,
F. C. Davey, I. McBeth, V. Riddle, A. V. Piggot.
Middle Row —F. McNair, R. Babb, M. Neil, M. Willoughby, W. J. Sisler (Principal),
M. K. Macleod, E. R. Johnson, M. Hazelwood, A. Hammell.
Bottom Row.—J. McLaren, W. G. Pearce, A. S. Bowman, J. Connaghan, M. Morrow.

FOREWORD

The end of our second year as a Senior High School is very near. The graduating class of last year set up a creditable record which their successors will find hard to surpass or even equal.

Our Grade XI. enrolment, that is the number actually attending in April, was two hundred and twenty-four. The graduating class will be approximately two hundred. This is about the same number that we had last year.

A small number of last year's class are working, and probably fifteen to twenty per cent. of them took first year University work or attended Business College. Many of them have neither found work nor have they been able to proceed further with their education. Too many boys and girls have had to drift without any definite occupation. It is to be hoped that conditions which bring about this state will soon improve.

To the teaching staff I extend my thanks for doing a good year's work.

For the graduating class I wish the highest measure of success. In college halls, in business or honest labor of any kind may each one receive his due reward.

W. J. SISLER, Principal.

EDITORIAL

Although present day conditions seem to belie it, the age-old assertion that Knowledge is Power is true. High School or University training seems to count but for little in the face of the great tide of unemployment the world is suffering under, and the tendency of many is to place the attainment of an education as of secondary importance when an opportunity of securing a position, even at a very small wage, comes within their grasp.

This is a grave mistake.

Of course in many cases necessity enters the question, but if at all possible, education should be placed second to nothing. The general business slump under which we are all laboring is only temporary, and its cloud will roll away as others have before it. Those who have been fortunate enough to have secured some special or advanced training will, upon the return of normal business activity, be given precedence over all others.

To depend upon the brain rather than the hand to earn a living is far more desirable to most people. From the standpoint of social values there is little difference, but when considered in the phase of the present competitive age there is a vast difference.

Although all the knowledge we will some day possess is not gained in the school, the importance of school should not be underestimated. We as students should build a firm foundation upon which all future knowledge will be based. With an opportunity such as is placed before us in the form of an easily obtainable education, we may some day rise to great heights and command very important positions in life.

In closing the staff wishes to thank Miss McNair, Miss Willoughby, Mr. Bowman, Mr. Connaghan and Mr. Sisler for the valuable assistance and co-operation we received from them when compiling this book. We would take this opportunity also to wish the graduating classes godspeed and good luck in the adventure of life and to the others as happy a time in Grade XI. as we have had.

WILBUR COLLINS, *Editor.*



GRADE XI A, ROOM 17

Fourth Row:—Mike Kisil, Al. Diamond, Paul Parachin, Vladimer Zarowski, Peter Nyznyk, Morris Silbertfarb, Max Zeavin.

Third Row:—Mary Stocki, Anne Halleck, Jennie Boychuk, Jennie Lazecko, Phyllis Krett, Evelyn Berbeciuk, Olive Kuzyek, Olga Dydyk.

Second Row:—Jennie Bilsky, Rebecca Labovitch, Sylvia Leventhal, Anna Phillips, Miss M. McLeod, Emily Corosky, Jessie Dyll, Sara Silver, Alice Tretiak, Mary Malyszka.

First Row:—Dan Fundytus, Louis Mickelson, Morris, Labovitch, Dave Stern, Jack H. Flom, Rudolph Onofreyo.

Missing:—Antony Natsuk.

GRADE XI MATRICULATION A, ROOM 17.

Dear Miss Macleod:

Grade XI A, the backbone of the I. N. H. S., takes this golden opportunity to thank you for your helping hand and patience. You will realize the effort was not in vain when you recall the members of our class.

Consider, for example, our athletes. Dave S., boys' sports captain, played on the school's senior basketball team. Phyllis K., president, was a star basketball player. Jessie D. also played on the school's victorious volley-ball team. Did chewing gum help? Sara S., girls' sports captain, however, was more interested in dancing. We boys won the volley-ball pennant and came near to getting the basketball trophy.

Think also of the scholarship contenders. There was Jack H. F., one of the brightest members; Morris S. (sec.) always complimenting someone; and Antony Natsuk, an earnest scholar. Morris L. was another who had his eye on a scholarship. Our Algebra wizard, Vladimer Z., used to complain that there were not enough questions in the text. Of the girls, Jennie L. equalled anyone in brilliancy, but excelled in her art drawings. Sylvia L. was another smart lass.

Do you remember Mike K., that demon on skates; Evelyn B., a violinist who certainly knew her French; and that nice talkative girl, Rebecca L.? We hear Alice will some day be Dr. Tretiak. Violinist Rudolph's jolly chattering, Jennie Bilsky's quietness, and Mary M.'s hesitating did a great deal in the way of sound effect.

But we mustn't forget the others. There was dark and handsome Dan F.; Emily C. who had a good word for everyone (including the boys); Jennie Boychuck, a brilliant student, could also carry off honors in a blushing contest. I wonder if Abe D. liked school. He made sure not to arrive before the last bell. Olga D., our "Fancy Day", played the organ at church every Sunday. Peter N. delighted in torturing us by reading French with the correct accent. For a treasurer we should have had quiet, economical Louis M. Annie H., so industrious and mild, was the bosom friend of Mary S., a future prima donna.

We must mention four pupils who will be prominent citizens in the near

(Continued on Page 16.)



GRADE XI, MATRIC B. ROOM 5

Fourth Row—Etta Granovsky, Annie Lazechko, Lillian Keith, Victoria Zamsky, Jennie Lipska (President), Catherine Patrician, Bernice Capar, Luba Skremetka, Stephanie Solski.

Third Row—Elsie Smith, Rose Olin, Minnie Chubala, Mary Kupski, Florence Hanson, Pauline Phillips, Myros Rii, Stella Sokolowski.

Second Row—Clara Kreutzer, Helen Borax, Teenie Koroby, Laura Ozero, Miss McNair (Teacher), Teenie Zapotoczny, Annette Balla, Natalie Melnyk, Olga Kassion (Sports Capt.).

First Row—Esther Cooper, Stephanie Iwaschuk, Mary Lisowecki, Anne Kablak, Evelyn Mudry (Secretary-Treasurer). Missing—Rosie Fudyma.

ROOM 5, GRADE XI, MATRICULATION B.

"Let there be total darkness, and may silence prevail, as I gaze into the crystal and predict the future. First I see that you are the Grade XI B's, and have Miss McNair as a friend, adviser, and teacher. I see Jennie Lipska as an efficient nurse; Evelyn Mudry, prominent social worker; Olga Kassion, an athletic organizer in Canada. In the Isaac Newton School, I find Laura Ozero, Mr. Piggot's successor in Room 20. In Room 5, Mary Lisowecki makes believe that $X+Y=4$. The scene changes to Montreal! Here I find Etta Granovsky, a Liberal politician, orating on a soap box; Rose Olin, the manager of a "Gum Manufacturing Co." Here also is Helen Borax—her apartment is full of pet pussies. Stephanie Solski, as a lawyer, successfully argues a case, and Natalie Melnyk, as court stenographer, records it. Again the image changes. This is Detroit! I see Minnie Chubala as a fashionable dress-maker; Teenie Koroby excels in her favorite occupation—gardening. Mary Kupski writes short stories for the magazines. America fades and Europe emerges. In England, Florence Hanson sends her "Hanson's Dictionary" to the publishers. Stephanie Iwaschuk, popular Opera Star, vacations in London. Pauline Phillips is a private detective with the Scotland Yard. The scene moves to France. Catherine Patrician has made a speed-breaking record by aeroplane from Canada, and Esther Cooper enjoys a year as an exchange teacher. Northward to Holland where Elsie Smith is a Red Cross Nurse. Bernice Capar and Clara Kreutzer are studying music in Germany, while in Italy, Teenie Zapotoczny buries herself in Roman literature, and Lillian Keith studies early Roman art. In the Ukraine, Luba Skremetka and Anne Kaplak have successful careers as folk dancers. In Arabia, seated beside a sheik on a white horse, is Stella Sokolowski, and among the Japanese Annie Lazechko is a missionary. The Eastern World is replaced by beautiful Victoria. Here Annette Balla mourns her second husband, and Victoria Zamsky creates so many hair coiffures that she must introduce herself to her husband frequently. Rosie Fudyma, successfully carries on her preserving business, and in sunny Alberta Myros Rii is a rancher. The crystal has become clouded. . . it reveals no more."



ROOM 20, MATRIC C.

Fourth Row:—N. Gracel, B. Hrycyk, B. Piniak (President), J. Granda, S. Palles.

Third Row:—C. Warowy, M. Silverberg, T. Papirnik, J. Listernik, M. Kunec, E. Jurczak, P. Elko.

Second Row:—F. Wazny, E. Erhart, S. Yuar, Mr. Piggot, M. Chickowski, J. Amborsky, O. Soloway, A. Syrotiuk.

First Row:—G. Senyk, T. Jaworski, B. Kalyniuk, H. Waldman, M. Medwick, H. Dowbenko.

Missing:—J. Orobko, P. Schick, D. Goldstein.

ROOM 20, XI C. MATRICULATION.

"Open Sesame," and Mr. Pigott's studious class enters. The boys this year won the Grade XI basketball pennant, but lost in volley-ball to Room 17 on challenge. There are a number of radio enthusiasts and scientists in the class, including Michael G. Kunec, George (Shakespeare) Senyk, Ed. Jorzak (electrons and protons), Frank Wazny and Morris M. Silverberg. By the window sits Jack Listernick, who sets a record for accidents. Further back, beside John Orobko, our rising Romeo, sits Mike (Ducky) Medivick, our star football player. Joe Granda is a debater de luxe, but also, lost his only debate, when Harvey Waldman, a frequent visitor, failed to turn up, as usual.

Bill (Klinks) Kalyniuk, the all-round athlete, is our sports captain. He is not only the foundation of the school pyramids, but also an imitator of birds. We have a son of the soil, Alex Syrotiuk, who sits with his pal Oscar, under Mr. Pigott's eagle eye. Peter Elko, our crooning hockey player, has a seat mate in Stanley (Poops) Palles, our basketball star. Our president, "Lanky" Bill Piniak, is also a mathematician and volley-ball star. We have two noted musicians, Harry Dowbenko, who scrapes a fiddle, and Tony Papirnik, who plays the piano-accordion. Beside Tony sits Paul Schick, who never has his French done, and behind him is Meron Chickowski, secretary-treasurer (unemployed), with his little pal, Nick Gracil. At the back is that pair, feather-weight Bill Hrycyk and handsome Casimer Waroway. In front of them are silent Ted Jaworski and Edwin (not the fire-chief) Erhart, stooges to each other. Last, but perhaps least, is Sam Yuar, who comes last almost every year in the write ups. This class is very fond of chemistry and the boys keep their fingers glued to the apparatus. So ends the tale of a class who know everything about nothing.



ROOM 15

Fourth Row:—Peter Jakul, Fred Meedzan, Sam Schneider, Adalbert Ruccius (President), Arvid Zelmer, Walter Grenkow, Alex. Mokanyk.

Third Row:—Winnie Jurzak, Elsie Ostaffy, Helen Charney, Fanny Lee, Mabel Thorgerisson, Violet Kowbel.

Second Row:—Willie Mitchnick, Adeline Boroski, Marjorie Semeniuk, Miss Johnston, Joan Maraz, Helen Hykaway, Jennie Dery, Walter Jewchyn.

Front Row:—Hilliard Kunynsky, Victor Jaquet, Arthur Buss, Borden Mazowita, Albert Gans.

ROOM 15, XI D.

Rat-tat-tat! Whizz, b-a-a-n-g! Look out! Here comes Squadron Fifteen of the brave Newtonian ranks, charging under the capable leadership of General A. Ruccius and Major (Mabel) Thorgeisson. Commander-in-chief (Miss) Johnston has given orders to overcome all obstacles. "Halt! entrench!" Word is brought that Joe Pudawick is working furiously (sh-erroneous report). Lieutenant F. Meedzan is planning to overcome Fort Algebra by strategy. Private Wm. Mitchnick falls as a shell screeches past. What's this? Private A. Gans is slacking.

Suddenly a terrific roar is heard as Squadron Fifteen Air Force flies overhead. Flight-Commander W. Grenkow dips his wings as a signal to rise to higher altitudes. Lieutenant A. Mokanyk is flying wonderfully, i.e., he carries his up-to-the-minute streamline model high in the air. Private S. Schneider appears to have some difficulty as the flight approaches the mysterious lands of Study. Private W. Jewchyn holds back, but as the diminutive Borden Mazowita roars past he takes heart and zooms ahead. Sergeant H. Kunzsky flies bravely forward with all intents to conquer. There's someone missing. Yes, sir, Joe Bokhart obtained leave of absence for business reasons.

In the army hospital behind the lines the rooms are scenes of much activity. Head-nurse Violet Kowbel orders Helen Hykawy and Marjorie Semeniuk to administer an overdose of ether to Arthur Buss, who has irritated all the patients by the squeaks on his violin.

On the other side of the field Elsie Ostaffy and Winnie Jurzak are driving the ambulance with steady hands towards Fort Latin, which they are sure to reach on time. A report came that Victor Jaquet, a French private, was struck by bullets, while trying to climb the barricade of Fort German. In a private ward of the hospital Helen Charney is administering medical aid, plus? to the wounded Arvid Zelmer. In the midst of the battlefield, fighting valiantly, is Peter Jakul. At last he is overcome by missiles from Fort Chemistry. Three nurses, Adeline Boroski, Fanny Lee and Jenny Dery, come to the hero's assistance. Joan Maraz cheers up the wounded soldiers with a few selections on the piano. To a work-wearied class came the news of the signing of the Armistice, June 30, 1935, which ends the war on School Subjects.



ROOM 8.

Fourth Row:—Adelina Egner, Marjorie Levine, Helen Skrypnik, Polly Nazer, Leah Koplovich, Bertha Waslaw, Agnes Allen.

Third Row:—Margaret Watson, Mildred Sklark, Pearl Reynolds, Anne Petrash, Rose Wazny, Anne Yaremchuk, Lily Schaefer, Florence Kokis.

Second Row:—Bella Simcoff, Jennie Jaworski, Annie Kiel, Miss Babb, Polly Blonarrowich, Dorothy Hamilton, Olga Cichocki, Annie Kapatanchuk.

First Row:—Bella Bedder, Molly Laas, Edna Ingram, Nadia Tuirdochleb, Annie Woczyn, Annie Paskiewicz.

ROOM 8, GRADE XI, COMMERCIAL A.

Our motor-bus I. N. H. S.-8-35 has travelled for the past year up the straight, narrow and rather restricted road to Success. We have, on several occasions, nearly run dry, but thanks to the resourcefulness of our motorman, Miss Babb, we have pulled through without the application of the proverbial sledge hammer, and consequently without any fractured skulls. The old bus is bearing up bravely under the constant reminder that the last and sometimes fatal hill has yet to be scaled. Edna I. (president), and Annie Kiel, by their brightness keep our headlights from growing dim, while Margaret (vice-president) and Mildred, by catching the bus at the last ring of the bell, keep our tail-lights aflame. Bella B. (secretary), with her faithful bodyguard Bella S., collects our pennies and guards our would-be treasury. Generous Lily nearly convinces us that the somewhat elusive "prosperity" is just around the corner (and don't ask what corner)! Olga, singing lullabies, often startles Marjorie from the land of nod—strange as it may seem. Nadia, on being asked by Miss Babb how many feet are in a mile, suggests that it might be 1,760, and Annie Kapatanchuk, to Miss McNaire's invariable question, "What are you writing?" sheepishly replies "History". Our inseparables, Rose W., Anne petrash, Annie Paskavitch and Polly B. prove the old adage, "Birds of a feather flock together". Dorothy and Anne Y. dreamily gaze into the future, or perhaps into the dear dim past, while Helen S. sighs (over what we know not). Florence groans, "O Death, where is thy sting?" at the mere mention of history, and Jenny fears she will meet her Waterloo when tackling the June Arithmetic exams. Featherweight Annie W., having mastered Arithmetic, plays volley-ball to her heart's content, though to her mother's despair as the scales drop, while Bertha, her companion in sports, returns to the grind. Some day we may be able to say to poetry-writing Pearl, "We knew you when . . .". Polly Nazar's speeches on the unemployment problem are now the less convincing because of the lack of a soap-box. Agnes believes that silence is golden; if so, Adeline and Molly, our songsters, will have to be content with silver. Last but not least, domestic-natured Leah keeps our plants alive and our home-fires burning.

This comprises the list of our passengers who embarked on the Old Commercial Bus to learn its trade, and now are anticipating the time when they will be able to keep the mean old wolf away from the door.



ROOM 2

Fourth Row—Sam Smith (president), Willie Checkryn, Tom Sejevick, Oupt Zarysky, Maurice Semenuik, Mike Bondusiak.

Third Row—Annie Melnychuk, Stella Pruse, Stella Moskal (sec.-treas.), Miriam Abrams, Freda Robinson, Zannie Klapouski.

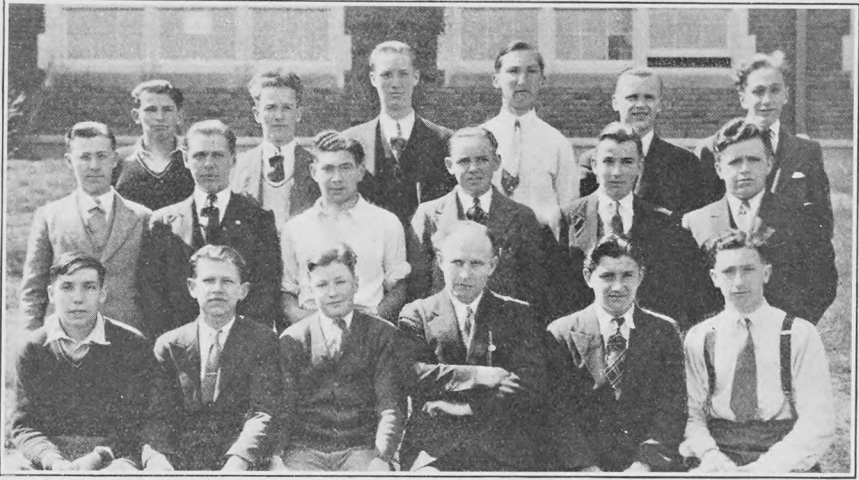
Second Row—Teddy Dobrovitch, Katherine Harrison, Rose Marder, Miss Hazelwood, Jessie Logan, Sara Dubovsky, Frank Kopachynski.

First Row—Wilbur Collins, Mike Fedoruk, Abie Gardner, Harry Gussman, Bill Kowalski (sports captain).

ROOM 2, GRADE XI, COMMERCIAL B.

We're Grade XI, Commercial B,
Peep into our room and you shall see:

Jessie Logan at the head of the class,
Stella Moskal, a fair little lass;
Maurice Semeniuk chewing his gum,
Stella Pruse (she isn't so dumb);
Olga Mazick seeking her books,
Teddy Dobrovitch, through glasses he looks
At Sam Smith, a gay Don Juan,
And Harry Gusman (a cute little man)!
Wilbur Collins (the editor is he).
Oryst Zarysky, a printer will be;
Katharine and Zannie, housekeepers two,
Rose Marder, always her homework will do.
Tom Sejevick, who's strong and silent,
Nick Michayluk, who never gets violent.
Abie Gardiner, that bookkeeping wizard,
Willie Checkryn, who'd come in a blizzard;
Freda Robinson coming it late,
Bill Kowalski, putting on weight;
Frank Kapachynski, the shorthand star,
Eddie Kasperski (how's the air way up thar!)
Annie Melnychuk, meek and demure,
Bennie Cramer, who'll history endure.
Sara Dubovsky sketching Romeos,
You'll know Mike Fedoruk by the chalk that he throws;
Miriam Abrams chuckling with glee,
Mike Bandusiak, a dancer is he.
And here's to Miss Hazelwood, who since the last fall,
Has certainly earned thanks from us all.



ROOM 11

Top Row:—Arthur Zeavin, John Wilkinson, H. Brierley, Peter Moroz, Lawrence Kolisnyk, Nick Mandock.

Middle Row:—Bill Bohonos, Tony Offrowich, Alex. Grand, Sam Walsh, Gordon Simpson, Mike Patrician.

Front Row:—Dan Hoston, Bill Samec, Raymond Salyga, Mr. W. G. Pearce, John Lisowski, David M. Baker.

ROOM 11, XI G.

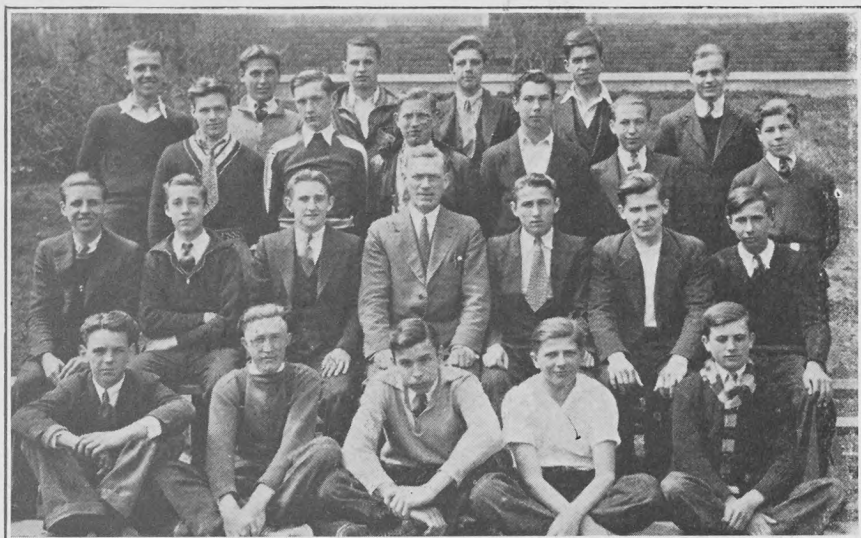
All aboard! You are in Car Eleven of the Newtonian Limited, headed for Parts Unknown. Looking about you, while you wait for the train to start, a group of violently gesticulating boys attracts your attention — the “athletes”. There you see John Wilkenson (president), Harry Brierley — better known as Joe Brant, Art Zeavin, Pete Moroz, David Morton Baker “D. (U) M. B.”, and Mike Patrician, discussing the latest hockey results. Dave B. leaves the discussion long enough to give a demonstration of how he makes his famous long-shot (highest individual score for Junior Basketball team). “Butch” Girman retaliates with an exhibition of shadow-boxing, meanwhile keeping an eye on “Squints” Salyga, who is practising a double-tiip.

At the other end of the car, the musicians are congregated. The mouth-organists, Dan Hostin, John L. (Lasausky—not Sullivan) and Sam Walsh, are rather red in the face, but they persist in trying to play in the same key. They are being accompanied by Bill Moskalyk, violinist, while in the background Lawrence Kolysnik is showing Paul Komarchuk and Nick Mandock how he would play the piano, if he had one.

Suddenly, sounds like anvils falling are heard and Tony Offrowich enters. It appears that he got up unusually early this morning, so he is with us today, although he had to run all the way.

In the centre of the car Pete Zywins is propounding a mathematical problem to Bill Bohonos, Gordon Simpson and Bill Samec. The two “Bills”, however, are more interested in listening to Gordon, who is explaining that the reason women are not allowed in U.S. government aeroplanes is that they are all “mail” planes.

But now the train is beginning to move. Everyone crowds to the windows to wave good-byes. Our conductor, Alex Grand, is bidding farewell to the Isaac Newton on behalf of Eleven G. Good luck to the future Elevens!



ROOM 10.

Fourth Row:—F. Baker, B. Kicenko, W. Levinsky, J. Lucas, M. Noga, A. Popiel.

Third Row:—C. Barber, H. Mabroda, R. Pastuch, J. Talocka, F. Petrovitch, R. Schick.

Second Row:—E. Schilling, R. Harrison, J. Chagnon, Mr. Cormack, J. Jorowski, L. Kucher, W. Zub.

First Row:—W. Ruppenthal, W. Ring, B. Melesko, P. Buloba, B. Hyrsko.

Missing:—E. Smolan, J. Slobodian, B. Brenko.

ROOM 10, INDUSTRIAL SENIOR.

We board the train R. 10 at Isaac Newton School on our journey through 1934-35. Bill Pronyshyn, our big porter, calls "All Aboard", and carries into the train a bundle of books. As we walk through the cars we see many interesting things and people. The first is Russ Pastuck (Barney) crouched in the corner reading a detective story. All eyes are turned to a window, and here we see Harry Mabroda climbing through a transom to the top of the car. He is doing a few flips in the air, and there he goes, folks—a miss, and he is flying down to Rio! We keep on walking through the cars till we come to the engine. Here we meet Bill (Puss) Kisenko, the muscle man of Room 10, who is the engineer. He is showing Walter Levinsky (Levy) the fireman, a few wrestling holds. Levy is the all-round athlete of R. 10. In the sleeping car there is a lot of noise as Joe (Porky) Talocka is body-checking a bed, to get in training for the big hockey game. Frank Baker is making his share of the noise. Joe Jarowsky croons, while Eddie Smolak is giving him a good show for his money. Joe Lucas (Tansy), the basketball player of R. 10, tosses parcels into the baggage car. This is good practice for his game. In the next car we hear Willie Rupenthal and William Joba arguing about which one has the largest ears—(h)ear! (h)ear! Willie Ring, our freckle champion, is the judge.

As our journey comes to an end, the passengers of R. 10 wish to express our greatest appreciation to Mr. Cormack for accompanying us on the journey through 1934-35.

ROOM 6, GRADE 10—MATRICULATION A.

The will! The will! We will hear Miss Willoughby's will.

I, Miss Willoughby, teacher of Room 6, bequeath to: Jack Konowalchuk, dancing lessons; Jack Shaver, writing lessons; Mary Kowcun, twenty-five cents for a year book; Frances Krawczyk, volleyball and net; Carl Wozny, position on Toilers' Basketball team. These are all, all, honorable officers.

On with the will!

Olga Tuchak, French dictionary; Bohdan Leckow, an alarm clock; Olga Shewchuk, an encyclopedia; Leslie Carlson, Polonaise in A Major; Margaret Chivers, a noiseless geometry set; Abie Greenberg, a microscope; Stanley Shurgot, three months' vacation; Tony Shuzansky, a cradle; Fred Rudko, an Oxford accent; Joe Skabisky, sleeping powders; Fred Yuffe, pair of glasses. Surely these gifts will be much appreciated.

Indeed! Indeed!

Tony Jorowski, French verb scribbler; Mike Ewashyn, a seat in Mr. Pearce's room; Roy Bilous and Mary Kisil, stilts; Louis Elkin, a stooge; Harry Itzkow, an edition of Virgil; Disney McIvor, a hair-net; Willie Westman, boudoir set; Oksana Trazy, Jenny Smigel, and Evelyn Blinsky, a taxi in which to come to school; Boris Steiman, dumbbells; Walter Semkow and Nick Dallay, original excuses; Louis Elstein, new toque; Joe Shackter, an overcoat. Surely these gifts are much-needed.

Indeed! Indeed!

Alex Kapack, easy method of learning French; Peter Smando, prize for drawing; Berth Lipska, a French composition; Roma Hawirko, resin for bow; Annie Mychaluk, a noisemaker; Helen Bartosh, exemption from oratory; Olgo Shandro, candy factory; Peter Charleton, a pen of his own; John Kondryshyn, loose-leaf refill; Stanley Smylski, air cushions; Alex Hector, volume of Burns' poems.

Oh, most generous benefactress!

Putting all jokes aside, we are the far-famed Ten A Class. Modesty forbids us to boast, but from the compliments, praises, and flowery tributes showered upon us by our teachers, we are undoubtedly an exceptional Matric. A class.

Good-bye and Good Luck until next year.

ROOM 7 YB. MATRICULATION.

Ship Ahoy! All ashore that's going ashore. Stop! Here come our tardy passengers, Hymie Mallin, the geometry shark, and John Wooychuk, slow but sure. Our boat turns from the dock en route to "Education." Captain Davey, the ever-humorous, always-patient algebra and geometry teacher, heads the crew, with first mate, Elsie Shettley, and second mate, Elinore Shroffel. Olga Holeeka and Helen Taraska are like two peas in a pod. Our blondes, natural of course, are Betty Malofie, Ruby Carlson and Annie Rybak; professional knuckle crackers are Mary Cybulka, Esther Novak and Rhoda Sucheroff; politicians and orators, Louis Lucki and Stella Drewrys; ex-gum chewer, Jennie Prokop; Mr. Connaghan's country girl, Winnie Leach; French debater, Pauline Petrosky.

Patience is personified in Betty Milne, Bessie Kochanowsky, and Annie Dragan, while Annie Turcyn supplies all the quietness required.

At the head of the crew stands Steve Dawyduk, whose ambition is to be an engineer. Next in line is Wanda Kogut, the tireless worker, followed by Frank (Tarzan) Chyz, whose mannish voice is less vigorous of late. Shakespeare has nothing on Harold Koss, Mike Didur and Tony Pshuk, our literary students. For asking questions Nick Bilenky has us all beaten. For a person who enjoys life see Sara Bager, our coquettish smiler. Now we come to the end of our crew, Roy Bell (?), no response. He must be contradicting someone. No. He's making eyes at the blushing girls.

Mr. Davey has helped us in all our work, even making us believe $x + y = 2$. And to those who make up his next class here is some confidential advice:

"If there is a point on your face
Put a smile in its place.
Be happy and gay!
In the end it will pay;
You know that optimism in life
Is a successful device
For prosperity and success."

ROOM 4—MATRICULATION TEN C.

Our school year has gone but it has been predicted that the pupils of our class, under the very capable guidance of Miss MacLaren, will one day astound the world. Let us peer into the mists of time. It is 1930. The above prediction is fulfilled.

In New York we find Jessie Stabor—an interior decorator, whilst in Carnegie Hall we find Mae Sysak, soprano, and Myros Boganivsky, tenor, are rehearsing "Carmen". Anne Grenkow is a high school teacher in Victoria. Walter Zaplacinsky, of Italy, is a famous sculptor. Sarah Novak and Violet Reichert are superintendents at Toronto General Hospital. Viscount Breman, bacteriologist, has made great contributions to medicine. Walter Dochock and Albert Horch have risen high in the realms of music. Maurice Glow, cancer specialist, with Tony Stackiw, plastic surgeon, have alleviated human suffering. Elsie Zepick, world renowned concert pianist, is in Vienna. Erwin Hiebert, Professor of Philosophy, Berlin University, lives with his friend, Edward Busch, Air Marshal of Germany. Elsie Serafin is Dean of Women at McGill University. Brigadier George Cole is now commander of the R.C.M.P. Peter Pshepialkowski, economist, is engaged in research work at Oxford. Anne Jurens has become president of the Canadian Y.W.C.A. Ladek Iwanicki, archeologist, is exploring in Central Africa. At Geneva we find Viscount Grant, Britain's Prime Minister. John Black, of Montreal, and Alex Worster, Governor of the Bank of Canada, have become giants in the world of finance. The inventions of John Steitzer have revolutionized electrical science. George Chikowsky, journalist, has become one of the most influential men in the Australian Commonwealth. In Singapore we find Walter Horedyski, captain of H. M. S. Jutland.

As the mists thicken, the vision carrying with it the image of the students, engaged in their future work, fades from view.

ROOM 14—X (A).

Here we are, "Commercial A",

Who meet in Room 14 every day.

First we present our teacher friend, who, our mistakes tries to mend.

Is he stern, kind, dark or fair? To tell you this we wouldn't dare.

Millie and Mona, two ladies bright; to know their Fr. try with their might.

The three Marys of our group, in affairs of others never snoop.

Annie, to Annie, her most intimate friend—

Declares, "Mr. Pigott our hearts e'er can mend."

Leonard and Frank, the playboys of our room, hope someday to learn to croon.

Elsie in sports known far and wide, for Isaac many a time has sighed.

"The best looking in the class is Harry," declares adoring Ptashnik Mary.

Julia and Janet, best readers of our class; in French must strive to get a pass.

Eva, Stephanie and Lily, always rest their eyes on Billy.

Kathleen, Stannis, Della and Rose, to those who seek homework become bitter foes.

Teachers scold poor, toiling Tony, who labels all school work "phony".

Sam, most widely known as "Red", is most happy asleep in bed.

Albert, and Isaac, a Rabbi's son, always have their homework well done.

Joe and Sam, like most lazy boys, forsake their duties for other joys.

Sam Donen, sitting at Elsie's side, with smart wise-cracks should be supplied.

Olive and John from the country had come, but they went back there to have some fun.

Bill, so obliging to ladies fair, plays up to Clara to win her care—

Neglect her studies she would not dare; so she avoids the big bad bear.

And now we bid you all "goodbye"

With a fare-thee-well and a heavy sigh.

ROOM 3.—COMMERCIAL X. B.

This is station T-A-L-K, Room 3, Commercial boys, broadcasting their daily talk. Our announcer, Chester Ostrowski, beats Graham McNamee any time. Here is Joe Mushy, our Sports Captain, with his sports talk. He leaves Foster Hewitt a mile behind. Our president, Albin Jurzak, a brilliant basketball player, presides at every session. We have other fine athletes, Kazimer Geneja, who is a speed skater, and Peter Bobby, a fine basketball player. Well, here's the great talker and wisecracker, Peter Sarcosky. He puts Eddy Cantor to shame. And here comes tiny John Orloff, nicknamed "peanuts", toddling after long-legged Bill Romanec. Why! in the doorway stands Jack Hughes, roaring with laughter (as usual). Then comes Ernie Shaf, the vice-president, a great competitor of Joe Penner's. Sam Narvy is a critic of other people's arts, and Nick Trook leads the class in brainwork. Then comes the two brothers Joe and Frank Novak. They may be great scholars some day. There is Isadore Matchan, a bright student, judging by his hair. Robert Scobell follows, looking like a musician. Walter Harrison has a hobby for milking cows. At his heels comes Ted Dunik, carrying a lot of books under one arm. Silently creeps in Steve Spitzer, looking as wise as an owl. We mustn't forget Peter Mazapa, the mouth-organist. Here's Norman Mills grinning from ear to ear. Later enters John Choma who could know more if he studied harder. And the rest: Tom (Handsome) Kagan, who talks with a slow drawl, but thinks fast; Jack Laubenstein, has curly hair; Charlie Meyer acts in a foxy manner. Others are discussing the teachers; Mr. Riddle, our class teacher, is very generous with summaries; Miss McLeod is open-handed with lines.

There's the bell and here comes Mr. Riddle. We must settle down for another day's work.

X. COL. C., ROOM 12, X. C.

The following is taken from the private annals of "Remo The Mystic", whose powers of astrological and psychological consultations are stupendous, uncanny, and what have you.

- "A" is for Abercrombie, our teacher of merit,
He swamps us with homework, but we just grin and bear it.
- "B" is for Bedder, Maxie to you.
- "C" for Chelada, Choptiany too.
- "D" is for Douglas, our "Mighty Man".
- "G" is for Goshulak, who collects all he can.
- "H" is for Hallock, our Sports-Captain fair.
- "K" for Kazaniwsky, with the mop of blond hair.
Kaiser, Kowalchuk and Kozub are here.
- "L" is for Luty, to the ladies he's dear.
- "M" is for Mayson who helped with this rhyme,
And also for Mosie, who is never on time.
- "O" is for Ottawa, after the Capital he's named,
For mixing up stories, he is quite famed.
- "P" stands for Parsons, few bookkeepers better;
Petrowski, Podolski come under this letter.
- "R" is for Rudick in the third row.
- "S" is Stanowsky, Sylvester, too;
Shayewsky, our orator, Skrynyk, our president;
Schiffer and Smith, are sticklers for punishment.
- "T" is for Timbrell, that "Mystical Remo".
- "V" is for Verin, the "butcher boy" you know.
- "W" is for Wilby, the "weston'er" famed.
- "Y" is for Yuzyki, what's in a name.
- "Z" is for Zajk, the last in line.

This closes Room 12's contribution in rhyme.

ROOM 9, GRADE 10, COMMERCIAL D.

The I. N. H. S. Parliament opened its session in Room 9, the beautiful legislative chamber, on September 6, 1934. Miss McBeth, governor-general, presided at the opening and during the session has provided valuable information concerning Shorthand and Typing. Minnie C. was elected Prime Minister. When outside attractions claim her attention, Olga S. carries on. Emily O. is a capable Minister of Finance, and Olga Z., our "little nuisance", acts as Minister of Public Health and Physical Training. Annie K. and Doreen M. are our mace-bearers.

Our House is divided into two parties, the Alacritics and the Lethargics. The Alacritics, led by Katy W. and Lily L., closely followed by Esther D., Annie H. and Alice S., are studiously inclined.

The Lethargics are headed by Theresa L., a loquacious young lady, recently interested in music. Supporting her are Olga M., Jessie T., Annie P., and Sarah P., who are more interested in their outside rendez-vous than in the legislature.

Our eloquent speaker, Violet C., announces the bills, while the clerks, Verna B., Helen P., Dorothy J., and Adeline M., take them down in Shorthand. Our expert typists, Olga D., Elizabeth M., Olga K., and Annie D. make copies for the benefit of drowsy members.

During the recesses of the Legislature we are entertained by Yvonne S., Annie R., Lily H., Mary P., Minnie B., Sylvia G., Teenie P., and Jennie W., promising young concert singers. Freda H. "tickles the keys" to keep them in tune. Myra D. and Margaret D. are graceful dancing stars; Lena is our artist and Annie B. our budding authoress. Teenie H. appears in the House spasmodically, when she has caught up with her sleep.

We have now introduced all our members—members never to be forgotten by their comrades of Commercial D., nor by Miss McBeth, who has patiently encouraged us to meet our many difficulties with fortitude. June elections will soon be here and we hope that all may be re-elected and return to carry on the affairs of I. N. H. S. for another year.

ROOM I, 10 E.

AN INTERESTING EXPERIMENT

Object—To prove that 10E is a group of hard-working, fun-loving girls.

Apparatus—Class-room of girls (Room 1), Miss McCrum.

Method—Tiptoe into the room, proceed to the back, stop, look, and listen!

Observation I.—Hear the pleasant voice of Miss McCrum teaching Literature.

The girls listen attentively to the beautiful thought Miss McCrum skillfully weaves into their minds. The bell rings! Books are put away.

Observation II.—The girls proceed to History and what stores of knowledge they obtain from the doings of the "long agos!"

Observation III.—Shorthand and Typing are the next refreshers. Speed in Shorthand is marvellous—ask Miss McBeth; and as for Typing, the girls are all experts.

Observation IV.—Results in Business Arithmetic are astounding, but the girls really do their best.

Observation V.—Pleasant recreations—physical training and music.

Observation VI.—At four the lobby is a scene of thirty-two girls, all trying to get a "peek" into the mirror. Chatterboxes, Katie D. and Ruth begin to talk but Helen S., president, and Helen Chopp, vice-president, soon "shush" them up. Mary K., treasurer, is reminding Marjorie, Emeline, Molly, Hilda, Lena, and Annie S. to bring "year book" deposits. Edith, librarian, entreats Stella, Victoria, Annie L., Katie K. to read more books. Margaret and Clara are worrying about their Business Arithmetic homework. Dorothy, future beauty specialist, remarks, "Gee, you're beautiful, Julia, Eva and Anne Klymkiw!" Gracie, Martha, Helen C., Susie, Annie Kolytylo, Hazel, and Frances, who are in the school chorus, hum to the tune of "Sound Sleep". Mary G. and Jean have helped the team to win the volley-ball trophy. There would be no depression if everybody excelled in gum-chewing like Katie.

Conclusion I.—Agreed, this class is a group of hard-working, fun-loving girls.

Conclusion II.—Having had a successful year as Juniors, 10E girls look forward to an equally successful one as Seniors.

ROOM 18, INDUSTRIAL.

No. 18 Train is speeding on its way. The train stops. We have been listening to the program of year's work;; but whose voice rises now to snoring pitch? Mary Grenkow loves walking through our car to the next. Why? Who occupies this seat? Kathleen Telfer grins and talks. Spring fever? In berth No. 3 Hilda Schultz desperately tries to do Business Arithmetic and copy Literature. Anne Sumbelerus (blonde Harlow) is our volley ball star.

Ding Dong! No, the train is not leaving; it is changing-bell. Sarah Finkle dashes in late. History period: mentally we travel with Hearne, but Frances Derash visits Frances Ronska. No one would believe what they are saying. Tsk! Tsk! There is Edna Bogdonov quiet as a mouse. Ruth Seaford reads her forty-fifth story book for this year. Nettie Chorney, the president, collector of tickets, dreams of new dresses. Teena Plomish, has forgotten her ticket—too bad, Teena, you must walk to the next station (June examinations). In the next berth Annie Mowdy enjoys the "Tale of Two Cities", especially where heads come off and she cracks gum approvingly. Some one with pretty curly hair feasts on her nails! Lena Bilyk is planning "Tours" or "Tramps". Stella Nickolas, the short-skirted chorus girl, is dreaming—enough said! Anne Sokolovsky, like "the wood sawyer", is "redundant in gestures". Mary Kanig, who can argue your head off, dreams of a new permanent. Esther is contemplating skipping church on Saturday for a party and wonders how she can do it. Yours truly is in the same dilemma. Toot, toot! The train moves on. One more stop—June examinations!

ROOM 19, INDUSTRIAL JUNIORS.

The 30 lively inmates of the Industrial Juniors are controlled by the friendly Mr. Bowman, far-famed as a heart-breaking line giver, assisted (?) by the president, Paul Bunzeluk, and the hard-working Bill S. (Joe E. Brown) secretary. Paul H. looks after the boys' sports. Four of the wisest heads in the academic realm are John M., Taras B., Peter P., and Walter S., editor.

This class of brilliant industrial men is very much interested and well represented in school athletics, namely, hockey, volley-ball, and basketball. Our team won the Inter-room Volley-ball pennant, and for the honor they have brought Room 19 our thanks go to Mike Matoski, Stanley Pituria, Peter Mazepa, Albert Dumney and Peter Sloneck. Our hockey team, which was not successful but made a good showing, was composed of Mike M., Joe L., Nick S., Fred M., George S., and Peter S.

As you can see, Room 19 has had a very successful year, due, in part, to the excellent teachers who have attempted to endow such pupils as S. P. and others with sufficient data to enable them to push over the 50% mark.

Oh, yes! the teachers are all very fond of us, too. They put big kisses like this ("X") all over our work, though some of them, no doubt, believe that our cerebral regions are somewhat dormant.

Room 19 is not lacking in variety among its members. The Class has blushing Romeos, a champion late-slip carrier, and two masters in the gentle (?) art of fencing. No wonder Mr. Bowman finds his rulers broken! In addition we have a wrestler (M.P.), a boxer (S.S.), smart alexs (M.K.), (N.G.), a vocalist (J.E.), and studious book-worms (B.S.), (G.L.), (L.C.), and (B.D.).

Although not an expert class, Room 19 will strive to attain honor in the future, and become capable and dependable Industrial Seniors.

ROOM 16, IX a.

RECIPE. — Real men, hook-up players, ignorant scholars, good looks, and combed hair. Mix well and what have you? Room 16, and a terrible headache. But after all is said and some more is said, we are one big happy family, headed by a capable guardian, Miss Neil.

Our class president, Jimmy Durante, is Primus Novak. Next comes our sports' captain and rock-eating geologist, Angus Welsh. Our class scholars are Stanley Holowitch, Lawrence Joyce, and Mike Phillip. Our would-be comedian is Victor Kolt. Next come our love-birds, Nestor Harack and Clarence Welham, who do nothing else but hold hands and stroke each other's hair. Our chief kibitzer is Mike Kolida, and the assistant kibitzer is Bill O'Kalita. John Maxsemchuck is our Romeo without a Juliet. The family compact consists of Mike Chudy, August Grenzowski, Walter Mykytuik, and Toris Monczakowski. Our politician is Joe Peiluck. Our tall man is Metro Riby, alias (Shorty). Bright boy of the class is Kasmer Hass. Musicians, John Kornek and Paul Paly. Shop-wizard, Bill Sokol. Argument specialists, during class, are Tony Kruk and Jack Smith. Next comes Mike Medwick, our diamond-in-the-rough, along with our naturalist, Peter Tretiak. Back-to-the-land associates, John Plytka and Wallace Oatway. Our petit tough man is John Boyd. Joe Jackiew, our "dis" and "dat" man. Joe Caryk is our would-be athlete, and last but not least Mike Dubranski, our electrician.

But after boiling it all down to a fine point, our Room 16 of boys top all rooms, bar none, in the Isaac Newton School, in any respect.

ROOM 13.

The curtain rises in September, 1934, to begin the old play of "The School Term". In this scene Miss Morrow acts as director. The leading lady, the president, Marion Oddy, is noted for her artistic work. Next we notice Mary Shalay, our vice-president; Helen Popiel, secretary-treasurer; and Minnie Muzychuk, our sports captain, who also represented us in the skating races at the Amphitheatre. Susie Classen leads the rabble, which consists of her faithful followers: Eileen Kachanowsky, Annie Hamara and Sophie Dyk (when she's here). Elizabeth Loewen is one of our best students in History. Mary Kurylo tries to be a graceful dancer. Helen Maroy, Millie Okalita and Jennie Mylymuk supply music for this play, while Emeline Burbell, who models the latest styles, dances. Helen Mykytyn is our shy little violet, but Olga Wozniak is the very opposite. Our one social activity, a tramp, followed by refreshments and stunts, was greatly enjoyed. In our stunt Minnie Martinchuk, a promising elocutionist, read the story of "Lochinvar", while Olga Korneluk acted the part of Lochinvar's blushing bride with Margaret Wozniak and Katherine Loewen as her bridesmaids. Our midgets, Sabina Wysocki and Wanda Warecki are great contrasts to Sophie Migasiuk and Lily Hrechkosy. Zonova Proksen takes part in all our sports. While Adela Bilinski is winking at the boys, Helen Mills is trying to disprove everything Mr. Bowman says. Nellie Walus is always sick (of Mathematics). Annie Paly and Winnifred Boore are seen but not heard. Annie Dwizona is our ambitious reporter (at least she hopes to be one someday). Stephanie Grenzowsky and Kathleen Bilinski are always quick to leave at twelve and four. As the curtain falls in June, Miss Morrow is trying to usher us off the stage before beginning the play of another year.

GRADE XI, MATRICULATION A, ROOM 17.

(Continued from Page 3.)

future. We gave Max Z. plenty of practice for his future position as Speaker in the House of Commons. Without Paul P. political discussions in our room would not have flourished. Olive K. might become a movie star if she went to Hollywood. We shall in the future, I am sure, hear Anna P. speak on the public platform.

In the annual concert, Gr. XI A was represented in the orchestra and the chemical vaudeville, and more than half the "actors" in the play came from popular Rm. 17. We also won the inter-room debate. So on the whole, I don't think our room did too badly. do you?

With fond memories of 1934-35,

GRADE XI A.

The Mad Sorcerer

(Bennie Cramer, XIB—First Prize)

"I tell you, I can prove my words!" shouted Professor Stanhope. The scene was the huge Hall of Science at the Century of Progress, World's Fair, in 2034 A.D. The speaker was a grey-haired, keen-looking man close on 50. His brilliant grey eyes were gleaming with anger as he shouted at the laughing crowd before him.

The Professor stood beside a queer-looking machine, the object of his life's work. It was shaped like a ball, plated with a shiny metal that nobody had ever seen before. It was about 10 feet in diameter and had an observation window at the side as well as in the floor. A tiny door led into the interior. The inside of the machine was padded. There were two seats to hold passengers; the instrument board was covered with glistening dials; at one end there was a switchboard controlling the speed. In the centre of the board was an "anno-meter" divided into centuries and all the while ticking off the years of time. Zero marked the present moment; to the right of zero were the centuries of the past, and the left divided those of the never-ending future.

One of the curious spectators suddenly asked, "Do you mean to call that thing a "Time Ship" which can go into the future?"

Professor Stanhope's eyes blazed—"Yes!" he cried, "with my Time Ship I can conquer time, and not only can I go into the future but into the past as well!"

The people thought he was a crazed fanatic. Was not the thing he was suggesting impossible?

"How can you go back into the past? The events are over and cannot be recalled," yelled someone in the crowd.

"I will prove the truth now," shouted the professor as he leaped into the Time Ship. He pressed a lever, there was a rush of air, and the people were left looking at nothing. The Time Ship had gone!

The Time Ship was travelling through a world of mist. Stanhope could see nothing about him. At any minute he might be killed. Then—suddenly the Ship stopped with a jar that threw him out of his seat. He arose a little dazed, opened the door and stepped out. The Time Ship stood near a forest. To Stanhope the place was familiar but he could not recall where he had seen it before. A little way off he could see the outline of a gaunt mediaeval castle standing out stark and bare in a world of desolation. He left the Ship where it was, as there seemed to be nobody about, and advanced towards the castle. The structure was crumbling and in ruins. Only in one place did it seem solid and to this the professor wended his way. He entered, and perceived in front of him an old man poring over a huge volume. The man looked up, and then continued his reading.

"Who are you," asked Prof. Stanhope, "and what is this place?"

"My name is Aldanis, sometimes called the Mad Sorcerer by the people, but I be but a humble dabbler in the sciences of medicine and alchemy. I dwell here alone and my eyes have not gazed upon human face for three years. Verily this be the year 1539 of our Grace, and King Henry doth rule over Merrie Englande. But who art thou? And from whence comest thou?"

The Professor's eyes were alight with triumph, he had succeeded in going into the past! But how was he to convince this man of the truth of his story. However, he would try. He began boldly:

"The tale I am about to tell you, Aldanis, will sound mad, but I have proof to verify it. You look like a clever man and I think you will understand me. I have come from your future into your present. Ten minutes ago I was living four hundred years after your death. I invented a machine whereby I could get back into the past and have come back to King Henry's time; if you will come with me I will show you things that will amaze you—I will show you what happened to King Henry, and who was King after he died. Come, you will be a prophet, and not only that, but I will show you how you died four hundred years ago, or rather how your death will come about. Will you follow me?"

The alchemist was amazed and intrigued; he had seen visions of the future, with men flying like birds, and here was his chance to discover if he had visualized aright.

"Yes, I will come, I am old and worn and can lose nothing. Do thou but lead; I follow."

Thus was Aldanis taken into the future—Stanhope's present. He was shown aeroplanes, telephones, radio, television, he could see and speak to men hundreds of miles distant. He was shown a history book with reference to a certain magician, Aldanis, who had been burnt at the stake for telling the people stories of a visit into the future. He was shown a flashlight and he was so interested in it that he kept it to take back with him into the past.

"With this as proof," he thought, "I will convince my people that I have gone into the future. I will tell them of battles to come and shall be hailed as a prophet. They will not kill me, and I shall defeat Destiny. Now, take me back to my own time," he eagerly asked.

He was taken back to his time, and Stanhope departed for further adventures.

Immediately Aldanis travelled to to the King's Court and revealed what had happened. He showed his flashlight and the King was afraid.

"He is a wizard, burn him at the stake and break his rod that turns night into day," he cried, for he saw that if Aldanis once convinced the people, his own princely power would go. So poor Aldanis was burnt at the stake; he had not defeated human destiny!

But what of Professor Stanhope; he had gone back and told the people of his adventures into the past. But they laughed and said it was only an illusion. Then he pushed a lever over to the left and vanished into the future.

Of his further adventures, no one ever knew.

Did they deserve to know?

Finis.

The First Sons of Canada

(Anne Jurens)

We are accustomed to think of the Indian as the personification of all that is vile. He is spoken of as mean, cruel, revengeful, as one who has nothing to recommend him, whose every characteristic is opposed to civilization and humanity. But after all there is something to be said on his side.

The Indians were once sole lords of the whole land and then they were different from what they are now. It is true that they were fierce and war-like, cruel and revengeful; but they were simple and honest, staunch in their friendships and firm in their sense of honour.

It is their contact with civilization that has warped their natural characteristics; and the white man is largely responsible for the condition of the noble red man. The free son of the plains has been taught the vices of the white man, much to his disadvantage. The following story will serve to illustrate the point of a red man's sense of honor and friendship.

A chief belonging to a tribe, friendly to the whites, had settled with his daughter near one of the frontier forts. The commander of the fort and his family grew to have a high regard for the dignified red man, and this feeling was fully reciprocated by the ducky warrior. But the peaceful tribe suddenly rose, and began a series of depredations and murders. The troops were called out to subdue them. The commander summoned the friendly chief and his daughter to him and was surprised to see the chief appear in full war-paint. Without waiting to be questioned, the Indian announced his departure.

"My people are on the war-path. They are foolish, and will be slaughtered; but they are my people and they call me. I go to join them. I am sad at heart, for I must war against my white friends. The white man will conquer and I shall die, and so farewell!"

This was the last they saw of him. He was true to his people and for their cause, died. His words proved prophetic for today the Indian is rapidly vanishing from the land of his forefathers.

In the Dark

(Sam Donen, Room 14.)

It was night time outside. In the house the lights were not on and therefore it was dark in there too. The burglar's eyes shone with delight (how come) when he sized up the situation.

He crept stealthily up the back steps and tried the door. No need for tools here. The door was already open. Quietly he entered. "What a haul there would be," he reflected.

First he tried the kitchen. Nothing there. In the dining room a few odd silver spoons and forks met his gaze, but he was not interested. Cutlery was not in his line. The living room, a bedroom, and other rooms also were barren of worthwhile results. What if this were a set-up after all. Certainly what he viewed so far was not at all encouraging. He went on searching, but it was hopeless. There was nothing for him, there.

No use staying now. Just as stealthily as he had entered he left, cursing his luck all the while.

When he got far enough away from the scene of the attempted robbery he raised his head to the moon and uttered this one word: "Meow". (Which translated means, bah.)

On Eating Spinach

(Bella Bedder, Room 8, Gr. XI.)

Spinach is a great food! It has earned money for thousands of boys and girls. In making this statement, I do not mean the money is earned by them in the production of spinach. It is quite a known fact that a devoted father or mother will pay their beloved child, who otherwise does what he or she is told, at times, a nickel or a dime, depending on the generosity or wealth of the doting parents, for every helping of spinach that he or she will eat.

Why is it that those beautiful green luscious leaves that would make the mouth of a horse or cow, water, are so distasteful to many people? But it must be remembered that we are neither horses nor cows. Delicious grass is spinach, that poor abused food which is scorned by nine-tenths of the populace and hailed with delight by the remaining tenth.

Spinach causes trouble the world over. When Junior refuses to eat his share of the health-giving food, which is recommended by the biggest doctors and prize-fighters, he is often spanked, and sometimes paid—in money, cash, not credit. More often a loving father who abhors spinach is forced, by his wife, to set an example to their child, and has to eat a goodly portion of spinach to encourage the child to eat it.

Why is it that there were so many strong and brave men, or at least history says that they were strong and brave, who had never eaten spinach, tasted it, or as much as ever seen or heard of it? I am sure Samson was not raised on it. Well, all I can say is, that spinach was appropriated by this modern race to deprive some poor animals of food which is rightly theirs, and also to cause people to squabble over it, to talk about it and to cause such people as I to write about it.

MY ENDEAVOR

I have no desire to be wise

Or know an awful lot.

For things like ginger ale or pies

I do not care a jot.

All pomp and pelf do I despise,

I ne'er will want a yacht.

To me all fame means less than naught,

I think it tommy rot.

But every article I prize,

And all that I have got,

I'd give to do an exercise

Without one single blot.

R. H. Grant, Room 4.

WAR AND PEACE

The bloody earth is strewn with the dead,
 Down from the sky there rains a deadly dew,
 Ships battle in a sea of crimson hue,
 While round about them flies the fatal "lead".
 When men and women to their gory bed
 Are hurled, ere their last days on earth are due;
 When children die; unbroken homes are few,
 "This is the pomp of war," we hear it said.

The golden earth now blossoms in the sun,
 The air is filled with merry laughter gay.
 When man with man lives side by side; when cease
 The bugle calls of sin and hate; when one
 Can grow, and keep in tune with God; we say
 "How beautiful the fellowship of peace."

Jack Shaver, Room 6—First Prize.

A TOAST TO THE KING

Hail, King! Loved Monarch of the British race,
 To thee we subjects raise our voices high
 And sing thy praises as in days gone by,
 In which thou rul'st the land with kingly grace.
 For twenty years and five, in war and peace,
 Thy people bowed their wills to thy command,—
 Held high those qualities for which they stand.
 May God those qualities in thee increase!
 Throughout the years to us thou didst display
 Justice and peace. We subjects pray anew
 That health, and empire's wealth, devotion true
 And loyalty may bless thee night and day,
 That love for our great king may ever reign.
 Take up the cup! Drink to the King again!

Pearl Reynolds.

THAT'S THE TIME TO BE HAPPY

When the bright sun shines on the world below
 And the flowers bloom, and the breezes blow,
 And the meadows with golden rods do glow,
 Oh, that's the time to be happy.

When the green leaves turn to red and brown,
 And to earth come fluttering and dancing down;
 And form a carpet over vale and town;
 Oh, that's the time to be happy.

When the earth with a blanket of snow is white,
 And you sit at home on a winter's night,
 Beside the fireplace glowing bright,
 Oh, that's the time to be happy.

When the swallows are flitting across the sky,
 And the robins nest in the branches high,
 And winter is gone and summer is nigh,
 Oh, that's the time to be happy.

In every season the whole year through,
 In every minute and second, too,
 When your heart is light and your friends are true,
 Oh, that's the time to be happy.

Pearl Reynolds.

ISAAC NEWTON

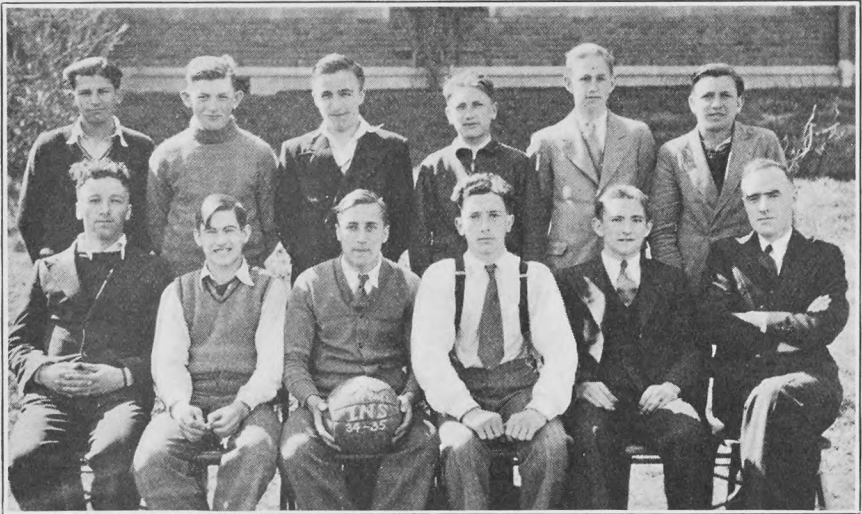
One day as Isaac Newton sat beneath an apple tree
 He gazed and gazed intently at the book upon his knee.
 In those days books were scarce, and so it really was a treat.—
 An apple fell from off the tree, and landed at his feet.
 "I wonder why they don't fall up instead of falling down?"
 The more he thought the matter out, the greater was his frown.
 Years passed away. To Isaac yet had no conclusion come.
 One day his pipe fell from his mouth and burnt his wrinkled thumb.
 He jumped up from his his easy chair and shouted loud with glee.
 T'was then that Newton wrote for us the "Law of Gravity."

Anonymous.

BOYS' JUNIOR BASKETBALL

The Juniors started out the year badly with two losses, but came back with a rush, winning five out of the six remaining games to gain second place. The team was unable to hold the cup won by last year's brilliant team, and it was taken by the Daniel MacIntyre squad. David Baker starred on the defence, and Albin Jurczak on the forward line. The games were lost against Daniel MacIntyre (two) and Gordon Bell (two), and the wins were gained at the expense of Gordon Bell, Kelvin (two) games, and St. John's (two games). Points scored for: 219; points scored against: 223.

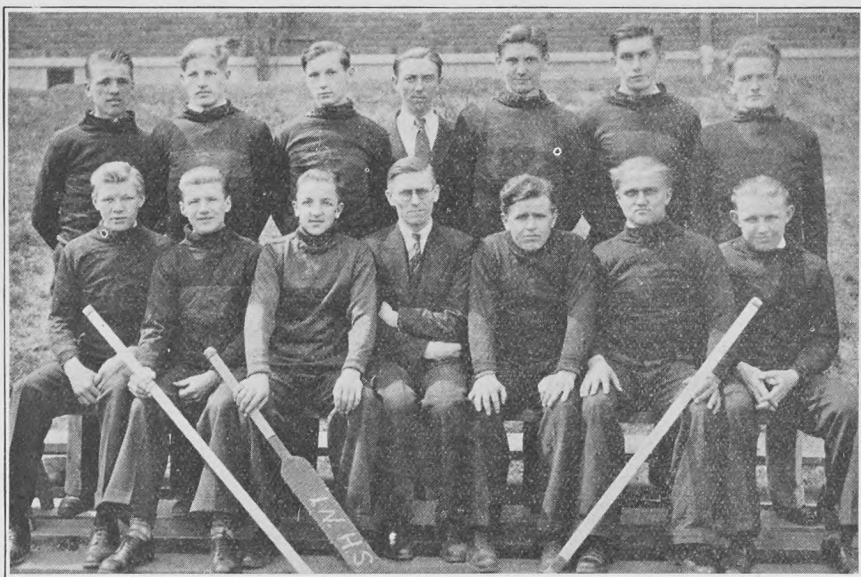
The team:—Albin Jurczak (captain), centre; Arthur Zeavin, centre; Dony Osachuk, centre; Leslie Carlson, right wing; Peter Bobby, right wing; Jimmy Chagnon, left wing; Stanley Palles, left wing; David Baker, right guard; George Senyk, right guard; Willie Mitchnik, left guard; Stanley Shurgot, left guard.



JUNIOR BASKETBALL

Back Row—Arthur Zeavin, Peter Bobby, Stanley Shurgot, Stanley Palles, Leslie Carlson, William Mitchnik.

Front Row—Martin Terry (Coach), George Senyk, Albin Jurczak (Captain), David Baker, Jimmy Chagnon, C. Abercrombie (Manager).



HOCKEY

Back Row:—F. Baker, A. Zelmer, H. Mabroda, P. Elko, J. Mushy, M. Kisil, J. Wilkinson (Captain).

Front Row:—W. Stanowski, W. Goshulak, J. Steitzer, V. Riddle (Coach), M. Patrician, W. Kalyniuk, P. Busco.

HOCKEY

The hockey team finished its season with a drive that left it tied for second place with the Daniel MacIntyre team, with a total of eight points. Frank Baker was responsible for most of the goals. Johnny Steitzer succeeded to the citadel position in the fish twine and his steady work brought prosperity to the team. Four games were won and two lost. Walter Stanowsky was brilliant on defence. Mr. Riddle made a good manager for the team.

The team: — Goal—Mike Patrician, Johnny Steitzer; Defence—Walter Stanowsky, Bill Pronyshyn, Arvid Zelmer; Forwards: Centre—Bill Kalyniuk, Bill Goshulak, Peter Elko; Right Wing—John Wilkinson, Harry Mabroda; Left Wing—Frank Baker, Paul Busco, Joe Mushy.

INTER-ROOM SPORTS

The Grade XI basketball was won by Room 20, and the volleyball finally by Room 17, on a challenge from Room 20. The Grade X. Basketball pennant rested in Rooms 6 and 7, and the Volleyball pennant was earned by Room 19. The Grade XI girls' volleyball was won by Room 5, and Room 14 took the Grade X Volleyball. An inter-room hockey schedule was started, but was not finished on account of the weather melting the available ice.

THE NEWTONIANS

The Newtonians were a Basketball team made up of graduates and present scholars of the school. The team was entered in the Manitoba Junior Basketball Tournament, but lost out to St. Andrews, 36-14, in the first round. Martin Terry coached the team well, although they were unsuccessful.

The team:—Jerry Hallock, centre; Harry Moslosky right wing; Nick Billanky, right wing; Mike Tchir (captain), left wing; Ben Smith, left wing; Ed. Jurczak, guard; Paul Holeeka, guard.



SENIOR BASKETBALL

Third Row:—Paul Holeeka, Jerry Hallock, Bill Piniak, Bill Kalyniuk.
 Second Row—Nick Billenky, Ben Smith, A. V. Piggot (Manager), Martin Terry (Coach), Ed. Jorzak.
 First Row:—Carl. Wazny, Dave Stern.

BOYS' SENIOR BASKETBALL

This year's Seniors were more successful than last year's unfortunate team, and the boys arrived in third place, losing out because of Daniel MacIntyre's champion aggregation. The team was coached by Martin Terry, who also coached the Juniors and Girls' Basketball teams. Three games were lost, two against Daniel Mac., one against St. John's and one game was tied with Kelvin in a rousing struggle, 26-26. The teams beaten were St. John's, Gordon Bell (two games), and Kelvin. Mr. Piggot managed the team.

The team:—Jerry Holleck, centre; Bill Piniak, centre; Ben Smith (captain), right wing; Carl Wozny, right wing; Nick Billenky, left wing; Dave Stern, left wing; Bill Kalyniuk, guard; Ed. Jorzak, guard; Paul Holeeka, guard.

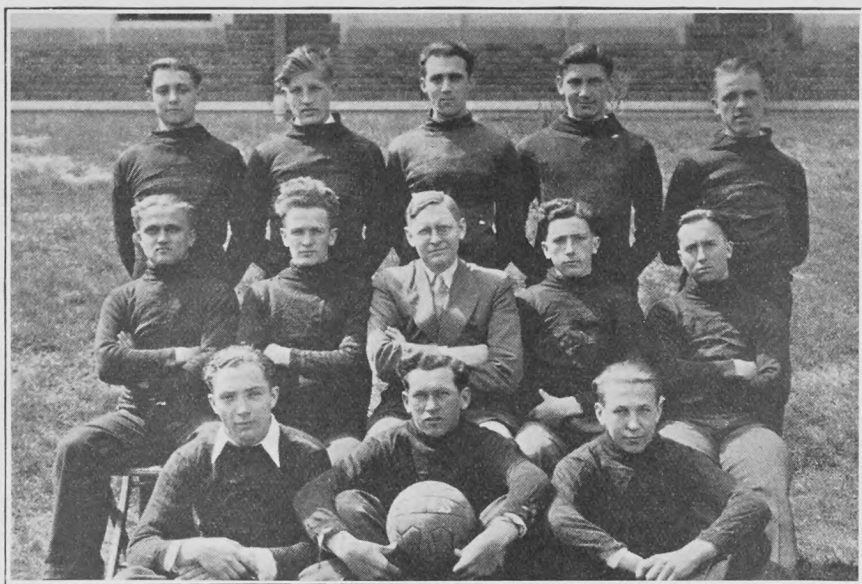
GRADUATES ON GIRLS' TEAMS

Among our more athletically inclined graduates are a few who have kept up their Isaac Newton training and distinguished themselves in the basketball field. These are Olga Kolodie and Julia Matoski, both players on the Kiwanis Intermediate team. Nan Foster also did her share on the Junior team.

The Kiwanis girls hold the Winnipeg Intermediate Championship for 1935. They also competed for the Senior trophy but lost by one point in a hard fought game with the Blue Eagles. We sincerely hope that more of our pupils, after leaving school, will keep up their athletics.

FOOTBALL

The football team was not very successful, although big Jerry Holleck was in goal. Before him, Arvid Zelmer and Bill (Sam) Pronyshyn did their duty. The half-line included Frank Baker at centre, Joe Nowak at right and Joe Mushy opposite him. The firing line had Bill Kalyniuk at the pivot position, flanked by Ferdinand Petrovitch and Mike Medwick. Medwick had his shoulder dislocated near the end of the season. The outside lines were patrolled by Ed. Jorzak and John Wilkinson, on right and left respectively. Mr. Davey was in charge of the team.



FOOTBALL

Third Row:—Joe Pudawick, Arvid Zelmer, Jerry Hallock, Joe Mushy, Frank Baker (Capt.)
 Second Row:—Bill Kalyniuk, John Wilkinson, F. C. Davey (manager), David Baker, Ed. Jorzak.
 Front Row:—Mike Medwick, Joe Nowak, Ferdinand Petrovitch.

BOYS' VOLLEYBALL

A volleyball team was formed, but as no regular league had been organized, three exhibition games were played with the Daniel MacIntyre Collegiate Institute. Two games were won and one lost. Mr. Pearce was in charge of the team, and Mr. Pigott coached it excellently.

The team:—Paul Holeeka (captain); Joe Petrowski, Bill Piniak, Paul Zack, Jerry Hallock, Adolbert Ruccius. Substitutes:—Laurence Kolisnyk and Antony Natsuk.

FIELD DAY

Boys

Last year's field day meet was not very successful for the Isaac Newton athletes, six points being the sum total gained. Roy Kepron came second in the Senior shot-put, and Sam Gurwich second in the Primary hop, step and jump. He also came third in the 100-yard sprint. Victor Piliuk came third in the Junior shot-put. The Shuttles did not place at all, and all other representatives failed.

This year's prospects look better, with Ed. Jurczak putting the shot and broad jumping, and Cassimer Geneja high jumping. This will be the second year of competition for Isaac Newton in the Inter-High School Field and Track meet, and we hope to show our position as an athletic-minded school.

GIRLS' VOLLEYBALL

The Isaac Newton volleyball team has succeeded in proving that a poor start does not always mean a poor finish. The loss of the first game only made the girls more determined, and in the end they got what they were after—the volleyball trophy. Under the capable coaching of Miss McCrum, the girls developed into a speedy little team and simply "walked away" with the remaining seven games. This was due to their good team work and their ability in "rattling" the opposing players with excellent passing and spiking.

The players on the team were: Jean Zenyk (captain), Francis Krawychk, Anne Sumbelerus, Anne Woczyn, Elsie Kotenko, Jessie Dyll, Milly Bobowski, Anne Jurens, and Mary Goshulak.



VOLLEYBALL

Third Row:—Ann Jurems, Annie Sumbelerus, R. E. McCrum, Phyllis Krett, Molly Laas.
 Second Row:—Emeline Kanik, Frances Krawychk, Jean Zenyk (Capt.), Katie Dallinger,
 Millie Bobosky.

First Row:—Mary Goshulak, Elsie Kotenko, Annie Woczyn, Jessie Dyll.



GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Back Row:—Jessie Stabor, Edna Ingram, M. Morrow (manager), Martin Terry (coach),
 Bertha Waslaw, Jean Zenyk.

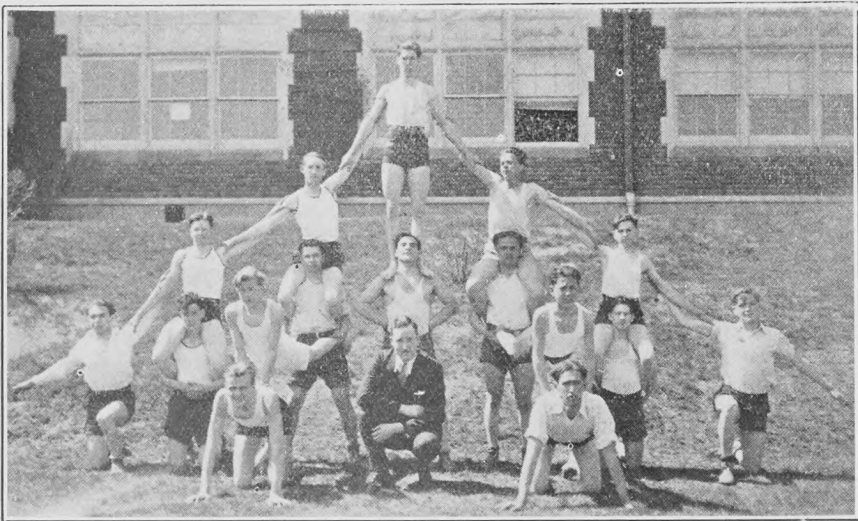
Front Row:—Elsie Kotenko, Jessie Dyll, Phyllis Krett (Captain), Mary Goshulak,
 Annie Wogezyn.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The basketball team were not favored with such a clear run as the volleyball champions. The fact that the girls won only two games was due largely to their unfortunate "tough luck", for at no time did they lose by a large score. In fact, they gave their opponents some stiff competition by running into an overtime game with St. John's and keeping Gordon Bell down with scores of 25-23 and 7-4.

Throughout the games Jean Zenyk, Bertha Waslaw and Phyllis Krett shone as forwards and Anne Woczyn as defence. The team was ably managed by Miss Morrow and coached by Martin Terry.

The line-up:—Forwards—Phyllis Krett (captain), Bertha Waslaw, Jessie Dyll, Mary Goshulak. Centre—Jean Zenyk. Defence—Anne Woczyn, Edna Ingram, Elsie Kottenko, Jessie Stabor.



PYRAMIDS

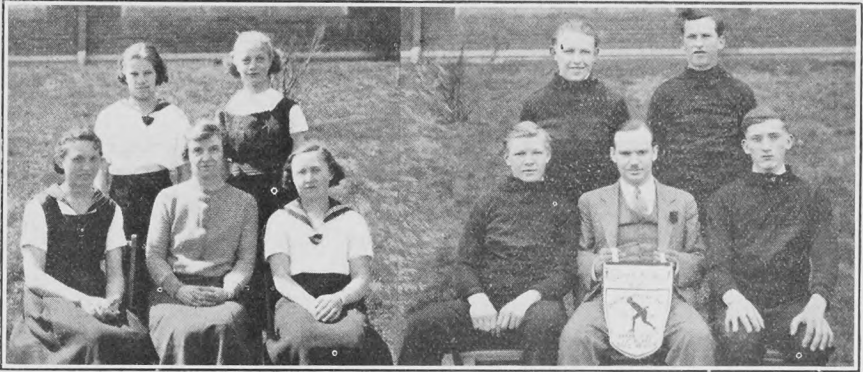
Top Row.—Harvey Waldman, Raymond Salyga, Ben Kraemar, Angus Welsh, Michael Kunec, Alex. Kapak, Bill Syrnik.

Middle Row.—Ted Dobrovitch, Sam Kaplan, Bill Uhryn, Boris Steiman, Bill Kalyniuk, William Westman, Geo. Senyk.

Front Row.—Lawrence Kolisnyk, A. V. Piggott, Joe Granda.

GYM. CLASS

The boys' gym. class, self-taught at first, and having a lot of ambition staged a series of four pyramids and some elementary tumbling for the mid-year concert. Raymond Solyga was our star with his spectacular back-flips and flip-flops. Later Mr. Piggott took the class under his expert tuition, and the boys rapidly learned advanced tumbling and apparatus work, for a proposed concert. Angus Welch and Boris Steiman helped as leaders on parallel bars and box. Bill Uhryn provided the fun with his back-flips and his standing on his ear.



SPEED SKATING

Girls:

Standing:—Mary Goshulak, Ruth Comisaroff.

Seated:—Minnie Muzychuk, M. Morrow,
Teresa Laping.

Boys:

Standing:—Paul Bunzeluk, Joe Nowak.

Seated:—Walter Stanowski, A. S. Bowman,
Kazmer Geneja.

GIRLS' SPEED SKATING

Speed skating was not taken up with as much enthusiasm as was expected. Unfortunately, on account of a small entry of girls, we were unable to put in a Grade XI team. The Grade X's, however, made a good showing, and came in third in their division. Keep up the good work next year, girls!

Members on the team were:—Teresa Laping, Mary Goshulak, Ruth Comisaroff, Emily Ozero, Ruby Carlson and Minnie Muzychuk.

BOYS' SPEED SKATING

The first speed skating championship came to Isaac Newton when the Grade X. boys romped away with their race by a comfortable margin at the Winnipeg Schools Speed Skating Meet on Saturday, February 17th.

The team had had little training for the meet, but their hockey experience stood them in good stead, and a substantial diet of peanuts prior to the race brought them to the top of their form.

In the first heat against Kelvin and Gordon Bell, Joe Nowak skated smoothly to a lead of almost half a lap. Kazmer Geneja held on and all attempts to pass him were foiled by his flying arms and legs. Walter Stanowski displayed some of his hockey style with his cross-stride and quick get-away and increased the lead to over half a lap, and Paul Bunzeluk made sure of the result by skating a careful race and taking no unnecessary chances at the corners.

The final heat against St. John's, Daniel MacIntyre and Kelvin was pretty much a repetition of the first; distinguished perhaps by Kazmer's jack-rabbit leaps down the stretch, and again the red and black sweaters crossed the line first with Daniel MacIntyre trailing by twenty-five yards. In the excitement Mr. Bowman's hard hat acquired several new dents and Mr. Sisler did a creditable sprint himself on his way to congratulate the team.

In the City and Suburban Meet the following week Isaac Newton and Daniel MacIntyre left the suburban team far behind, but unfortunately an official miscounted the laps and stopped the race with one lap still to go. Isaac Newton was leading by a very narrow margin at the time, but because of the mistake it was declared "no race" and the boys had to be satisfied with one championship.

Teachers' and Graduates' Page

Only two changes were made in the staff last September: Miss McGregor went to Kelvin and Mr. Durnin to St. John's, while Mr. Cormack and Mr. Abercrombie were transferred to Isaac Newton.

Of last year's graduates the following are reported as attending the University: Anne Soudack, Katarina Malowany, Alice Leckow, Nadia Pyliuk, Helen Dowse, Sophie Philip and John Mazur.

At Wesley College were Ann Kapack, Mary Zabolotny, Andrew Eustace, Ann Sumka and Anna Semotiuk.

At Business College: Rhoda McLeod, Phyllis Wach, John Pitsulnik, Winnie Bindess, Elizabeth Handziuk, Alice Panisko, Mike Leach, Wanda Warroway, Olga Lohvinenko, Eugenia Philip, Helen Dobrowoski, Rose Krawchuk, Mary Tuchak, Katie Ostopchuk, Alfred Richman and Fred Sawchuk. .

At Peretz School: Sam Donen, Molly Divinsky, Edith Telfer, Stella Pike and Sam Gurvitch.

St. Mary's Academy: Steffie Kraycha.

Anne Soudack, who secured an Isbister Scholarship last year, again won a Sixty-Dollar Scholarship in her first year at U.

Joe Abrahamson, a former student here, has been awarded the Law Society's prize for aggregate standing in the final year.

Sidney Katz was awarded the M. Sc. Degree this year.

Charlie Ball, one of our first students, is now Rev. C. Ferguson Ball, of Bethany Church, Philadelphia. Michael Syme, who was in the same year, is now a prominent lawyer in the same city. Both of these boys were good students and as debaters probably the best that we have ever had in the school.

Mr. Lorne H. Belden, who taught here for two years, left to attend a theological college in Texas. He is now pastor of a large church in New Jersey.

Mr. H. Bearisto, who was the only man on the staff in 1921, is now teaching in British Columbia.

It is hoped to make this page a regular feature of the Year Book. News of graduates will be gladly received.

RE-UNION DANCE

The idea was born long before final arrangements were made. The active work of a committee of graduates with co-operation of the teachers, made it possible to renew old friendships at the I.N.H.S. Amidst gaily colored balloons and streamers the couples glided to the rhythmic music of the Cavaliers' Orchestra. The affair was a complete success except for the fact that most of the teachers were unable to attend on account of the banquet held on the same evening by the Winnipeg Teachers' Association.

The committee wishes to thank all who have helped to make this gathering a success and are looking forward to a similar function for next year.

TO THE YEAR BOOK

Treasured year-book, in black and red,
 In years to come it shall be said,
 "Thou brought'st the fondest mem'ries back
 Of days spent 'neath the red and black."
 By reading thee, I shall again
 See all my pals, who will, as men,
 Be scattered o'er this world so wide,
 Parted from me by land and tide.
 Thy many pages oft I'll scan
 As boy, as youth, and then as man.
 Thou little gem, thou book of gold,
 Thou wilt be with me when I'm old;
 From thee I'll never, never part,
 For dear thou art unto my heart.

MAX LEVENTHAL, 1934.

AUTOGRAPHS

Eugene Smigel
 Evelyn Blumsky
 Bohdan Lechow.
 Harry H. Kim
 Mary Howson
 Oksana Tracy
 Jack Konowaleffuk
 Joe Schachtel
 Ben Tschanawski.
 Esther Novak
 Mary Malyzka

AUTOGRAPHS



CLASS PRESIDENTS

Third Row:—Ferdinand Petrovitch, Sam Smith, Adalbert Ruccius, Bill Piniak, Paul Bunzeluk, Joe Skrynyk.

Second Row:—Tony Stackiw, Jack Konowalchuk, John Wilkinson, Primus Novak, Albin Jurezak.

First Row:—Marion Oddy, Clara Goldstadt, Jennie Lipska, Edna Ingram, Phyllis Krett, Minnie Checkryn, Helen Sinclair.

Centre:—W. J. Sisler, Roy Bell.



ORCHESTRA

Fourth Row:—Albert Horch, Ervine Hiebert, Bill Kowalski, Charles Barber, Walter Doschoch.

Third Row.—Bodhan Leckow, George Chikowsky, R. E. McCram, Bill Kolyniuk, Harry Dowbenko.

Third Row.—Evelyn Bilimsky, Bernice Capar, Eveline Berbecuik, Roma Hawicka, Jenny Smigel.

First Row:—Arthur Buss, Roy Bilous, Rudolph Onofreyo.

MUSICAL ACTIVITIES

The orchestra and glee club, under the supervision of Miss R. E. McCrum, were quite active throughout the 1934-35 term, and added greatly to the success of school functions.

The practices were held every Tuesday afternoon. Due to the fine talent of the musicians and the splendid conducting of Miss McCrum, it made a decided contribution at the school concert.

The glee club was divided into two classes. While one part had practices on Mondays and Thursdays, the others met on Wednesdays and Fridays. The girls worked with enthusiasm and spent many memorable afternoons together, which in the future years, no doubt, will be looked back upon with pleasant memories.

THE MUSICAL FESTIVAL

This is the second year that Isaac Newton has entered a chorus in the Musical Festival. The selections chosen for this season were "Sound

Sleep" and "On the Plains". In the first number the girls were over anxious and did not do as well as they had at practices. They sang well enough, however, to receive 80 marks. In the second piece they sang with spirit, and were awarded 84 marks.

We extend our sincerest thanks to Miss McCrum for her wonderful work in training the girls, and hope that she will enter a chorus from Isaac Newton next year.

GRADE XI SOCIAL

On Saturday, November 12th, the Grade XI's held an enjoyable social evening. The entertainment began with singing. Mr. Pigott presided at the piano. Talking pictures were shown through the courtesy of the Hydro Electric Co., after which refreshments were served.

In high spirits the teachers and students joined in the dancing. The music was supplied by Bill Moore and his Beacon Band. A very pleasant evening was had by all.

DRAMATICS

At the annual concert, which was held in the school auditorium on February 27, 28 and March 1, the dramatic group contributed an interesting performance to the program. It was a two-act historical play, "Madeline de Vercheres." Due to the skillful directing of Miss Johnston and Mr. Connaghan, and the splendid acting of the characters the play proved a great success. Others who aided in sharing the responsibilities of the production were Miss McCrum, who taught the dancing and singing portion; Miss McLaren, who looked after the costumes, and Mr. Cormack, who provided the attractive scenery.

The cast consisted of:

Madeline de Vercheres—Mary Kupski
Stephanie Iwaschuk
Paul—Roy Bell, Rudolph Onofreyo
Louis—Roy Bilous
(Her brothers)
Lavolette—an old man—Jack Flom
Labonte—Anthony Natzuk
Gachet—Morris Labovitch
(Soldiers)
Madame de Montet—Olive Kuczyk
Pierre Fontaine—Wilbur Collins
Madame Fontaine—Olga Mazick
Child—Emily Coroski
La Monerie—Charles Woodward
Soldiers—Albert Losen, Sam Kaplan

Chief Eagle Feather—Benny Cramer
Lone Wolf—Sam Smith
Black Hawk—Boris Steiman
Warriors—Vladimir Zarowsky
Teddy Dobrovitch
Harry Sylvester

THE SENIOR HIKE

One of the outstanding events of I. N. H. S. year 1934-35 was the annual school tramp held on March 16. The mild weather and the deep snow attracted nearly two hundred enthusiasts.

Assisting at the tramp were Mr. Sisler, Mr. Pigott, Mr. Davey, Miss Johnston and Miss McLeod. They tramped along McKenzie to the outskirts of the city; from there west to the prairies as far as McPhillips and along McPhillips to the school.

Back at the school hot dogs and coffee were served and each room put on a ten-minute stunt. The sketches created much enjoyment. Room 17 was awarded the prize for the best stunt of the evening. Following the entertainment soft drinks and suckers were served to the happy hikers. The co-operation of teachers and students made this a very successful school affair.



DRAMATICS

Fourth Row:—Paul Parachin, Sam Smith, Vladimir Zarowski, Wilbur Collins, Ted Dobrowitch, Morris Labovitch, Boris Steiman.

Third Row:—Fanny Lee, Dave Stern, Max Zeavin, Rudolph Onofreyo, Harry Sylvester, Charles Woodworth, Sam Kaplan, Mabel Thorgeirson.

Second Row:—Rose Olin, Steffie Iwaschuk, Emily Corosky, Miss E. Johnston, Mr. J. Connaghan, Mary Kupski, Laura Ozeron, Olive Kuzyk.

First Row:—Roy Bell, Benny Cramer, Albert Rosen, Jack H. Flom, Roy Bilous.

CLASS PAPERS

A low hum was heard around the door of Room 5, one frosty morning in January. Busy Grade XI pupils buzzing around Miss McNair's room like bees around a hive. Bees store their honey; the pupils were storing news. News!

Room 5 had issued a class paper called "The Reflector". They elected the scholar of their class, Mary Kupski, as editor. She immediately set to work and with the co-operation of her fellow students produced as fine a paper as anyone could wish to read. Judging by the interest aroused they were quite justified in feeling proud of their achievement.

Room 5's paper aroused more general interest than was expected, and in a few weeks, Room 2, the Commercial Class, followed suit. The "Room 2 Herald", edited by Wilbur Collins, Stella Moskal, and Bennie Cramer appeared. They spent a good deal of time and patience on it, and it was very successful. There were contained autobiographies of Miss Hazelwood and Mr. Sisler, which interested the pupils very much and familiarized them with the experiences of their teacher and their principal.

Room 17, seeing the others working so hard, were not going to be outdone. As a Matriculation A they buckled down to work and soon pro-

duced results. Jack Flom, Jennie Lazechko and Anna Phillips were elected editors. The name chosen was "Astra", the Latin for "Star". The whole class took a lively interest and helped the editors by pouring in contributions. It was found that there was a great deal of talent in the room. Verses, short stories, write-ups of current events, were contributed by many.

All the Grade XI people feel that the class paper is a very good thing for both the school and students. It helps in improving literature, composition and grammar.

We Grade XI pupils of 1935 hope that the students in the near future will have class papers as we had had, and that they may meet with as much success.

A little school girl who was required to write an essay, not exceeding 250 words, on the subject of automobiles, wrote as follows:

"My uncle bought a car. He was riding in the country and it balked in going up the hill. My uncle tried to make it go, but couldn't, although he spoiled a \$25 suit trying. I guess this is about fifty words. The other two hundred words are what my uncle said as he was walking back to town, but they are not fit to write down."



EDITORIAL STAFF

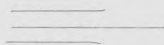
Top Row:—P. Krett, M. Willoughby, J. Connaghan, A. S. Bowman, M. Thorgeirson.

Bottom Row:—M. Kupski, J. Flom (assistant editor), W. J. Sisler (principal), W. Collins (editor), G. Senyk, M. Kowcun.

1877

1935

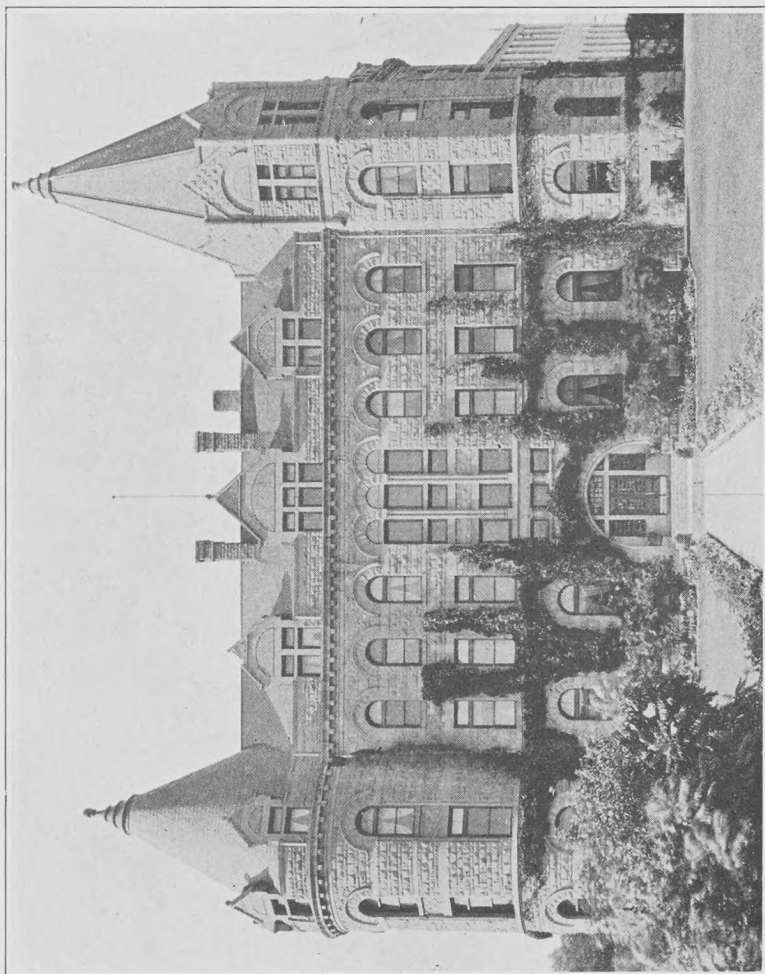
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and Science
Collegiate Department

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DEBATING

At the beginning of the school term, it was thought it a good idea to form a "Debating Club". Each room of the Grade XI's elected a representative and the teachers elected a committee. At the first meeting, a debate was suggested between Rooms 20 and 17. The topic was "Should the City of Winnipeg take over the Winnipeg Electric as a Public Utility?" Jack Flom and Sylvia Leventhal had the affirmative while Joe Granda had to defend the negative alone. The decision was in favor of the affirmative.

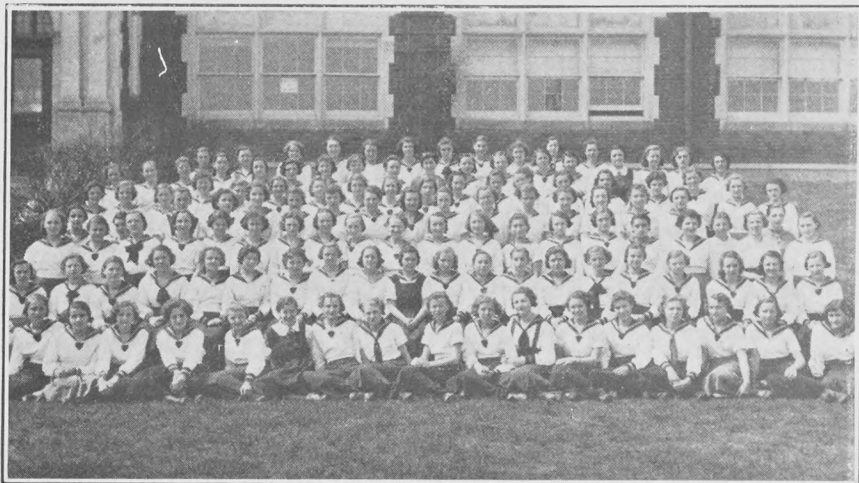
At the next meeting it was suggested that short five-minute speeches should take the place of debates. The speakers were Mabel Thorgeirson, Polly Nazer, Sam Smith, and Laurence Kolisnyk.

Later on, another debate was staged, between Rooms 5 and 8. The topic was "The Depression has improved the character of the Canadian people." Room 5 defended the affirmative, the debaters being Esther Cooper and Mary Kupski. The negative was taken by Room 8, whose debaters were Edna Ingram and Olga Chichochi. The judges' decision was in favor of the affirmative.

In order to close the term with eclat it was suggested that the two successful teams debate against each other—Rooms 5 and 17. The topic was selected but as yet the contestants have not been able to agree upon a date.

Why Teachers Look That Way

A transparent object is something you can see through, as for example, a doughnut.



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THE JUNIOR TRAMP

On Saturday, March 9, the junior students of the I. N. H. School held their annual tramp. Despite the heavy snowfall there was present a large and representative gathering of teachers and students. The hikers in their tramping outfits met at the school at 7.30 o'clock, and, led by Mr. Sisler (principal), Miss Neil and Mr. Bowman, tramped north to Inkster Boulevard, thence to McPhillips Street, and returned by several different routes. The mischief-makers took great delight in snowballing and pitching their fellow students into snowbanks. The school yell rent the air from time to time. Though all were enjoying themselves, the tired trampers welcomed the signal to return to the school.

In the auditorium hot dogs, coffee, peanuts, and Coca Cola were served to the hungry hikers. After the refreshments four groups of students added to the general entertainment by putting on stunts, all of which were exceptionally good. Mr. Sisler and Miss McCrum, the adjudicators, awarded first prize to a group of boys from Rooms 3, 12 and 14. Second prize went to a group of girls from Rooms 4, 6, and 7.

At 12 o'clock the students wended their way homeward. All were tired but well pleased with the tramp, refreshments and stunts. Thus ended one of the most successful junior tramps ever held.

JEAN AND JACK TALK BUSINESS TRAINING

Jean: I am planning a business course to be ready for opportunities in the fall.

Jack: Where are you going?

Jean: I should like to get individual instruction.

Jack: Why not call on Mr. H. J. Russell, A.C.I.S., M.R.S.T., 500-506 Great West Permanent Building, near the corner of Main and Portage, Telephone 92 361. Russell Business Institute specializes in personal instruction.

Jean: It sounds interesting. Are there other features?

Jack: Yes. Steel filing cabinets, noiseless typewriters, business reference library, vocational guidance, and selection by subject.

Jean: Thank you, I'll call today.

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Bill A.—What's a friend?

Bill P.—A friend is one who knows that you are a fool but says nothing.

* * *

You don't have to believe me, but the heart of an elephant weighs 47 lbs.. and fills a bushel basket. Ah me!

* * *

Mr. Pigott — What are the five great races of mankind?

Joe Granda — The 100 yards, the hurdles, the 220, mile and relay.

* * *

Summary

Sept. 1.—I'm going to study this year.

Nov. 1.—I've got to begin studying this year.

Dec. 1.—If I don't start studying soon, I'll get behind.

Mar. 1.—I should have started studying sooner.

June 30.—I wish I had studied.

* * *

Morris Silberfarb—My soul is filled with poetry.

Wilbur Collins—So is the waste paper basket.

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Why Teachers Turn on the Gas and Lock the Door.

From examination papers:

Tennyson wrote "In Memorandum".

Louis XVI was gelatinated during the French Revolution.

Gravitation is that which if there were none, we should all fly away.

Algebraic symbols are used when you do not know what you are talking about.

Queen Elizabeth was tall and thin, but she was a stout Protestant.

The five great powers of Europe are: Water power, steam power, electricity, horses, and camels.

The battle of Compens was a battle fought in the stockyards during the Civil War.

The children of the Czar are called Zardines.

* * *

Charlie—Ever read "Looking Backward"?

Peter Moroz—Yeh, once in an exam., but I was caught.

* * *

Sara Silver—Goodbye, Mr. Connaghan, I am indebted to you for all I know in history.

Mr. Connaghan.—Pray don't mention such a trifle.

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Will—Why do girls smile at me?

Willie—Perhaps they're too polite to laugh out loud.

* * *

The "Rag" Cycle

Rags make paper; paper makes money; money makes banks; banks make loans; loans make poverty and poverty makes rags.

* * *

"Well, doc., you said you'd have me walking again in a month and you certainly kept your promise."

"Well, well, that's fine."

"Yeah, I had to sell my car to pay your bill."

* * *

Morris S.—Do you think there is any chance of my getting this poem in the I.N.H.S. Year Book?

Wilbur—There may be. I'm not going to be editor always.

* * *

Ben Cramer: "Did you know I'd gone in for writing?"

Jack Flom: "No. Sold anything yet?"

Ben Cramer: "Oh, yes! My watch and my overcoat."

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"That's just what I have been wondering," Smith replied.

"Send it to the Ford Motor Co. They might be able to use it," Thompson suggested. So Smith acted on the suggestion, crated the tin and shipped it to Detroit.

A few days later, he received a very courteous letter from the company. "Your car," they wrote, "is one of the worst wrecks we have ever seen, but we'll have it fixed for you in a week or ten days."

* * *

The following advertisement appeared in a newspaper:

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* * *

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* * *

At one time, so I learn, the pyramids were used as calendars. But what did the boys do when New Year came around and they wanted to turn over a new pyramid?

* * *

"Has your wife changed much since you met her?"

"Yes — she's changed my habits, my friends, and my hours."

* * *

"A peony is a small horse."

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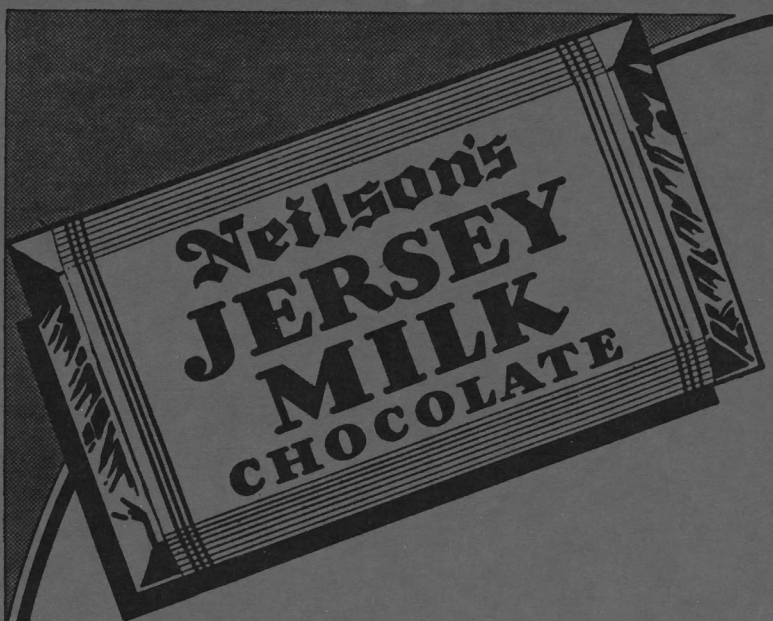
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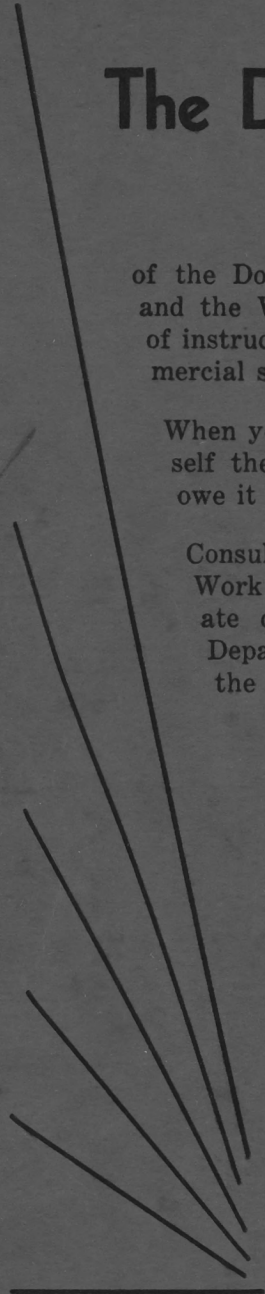
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